Abt Franz

Piano Collection

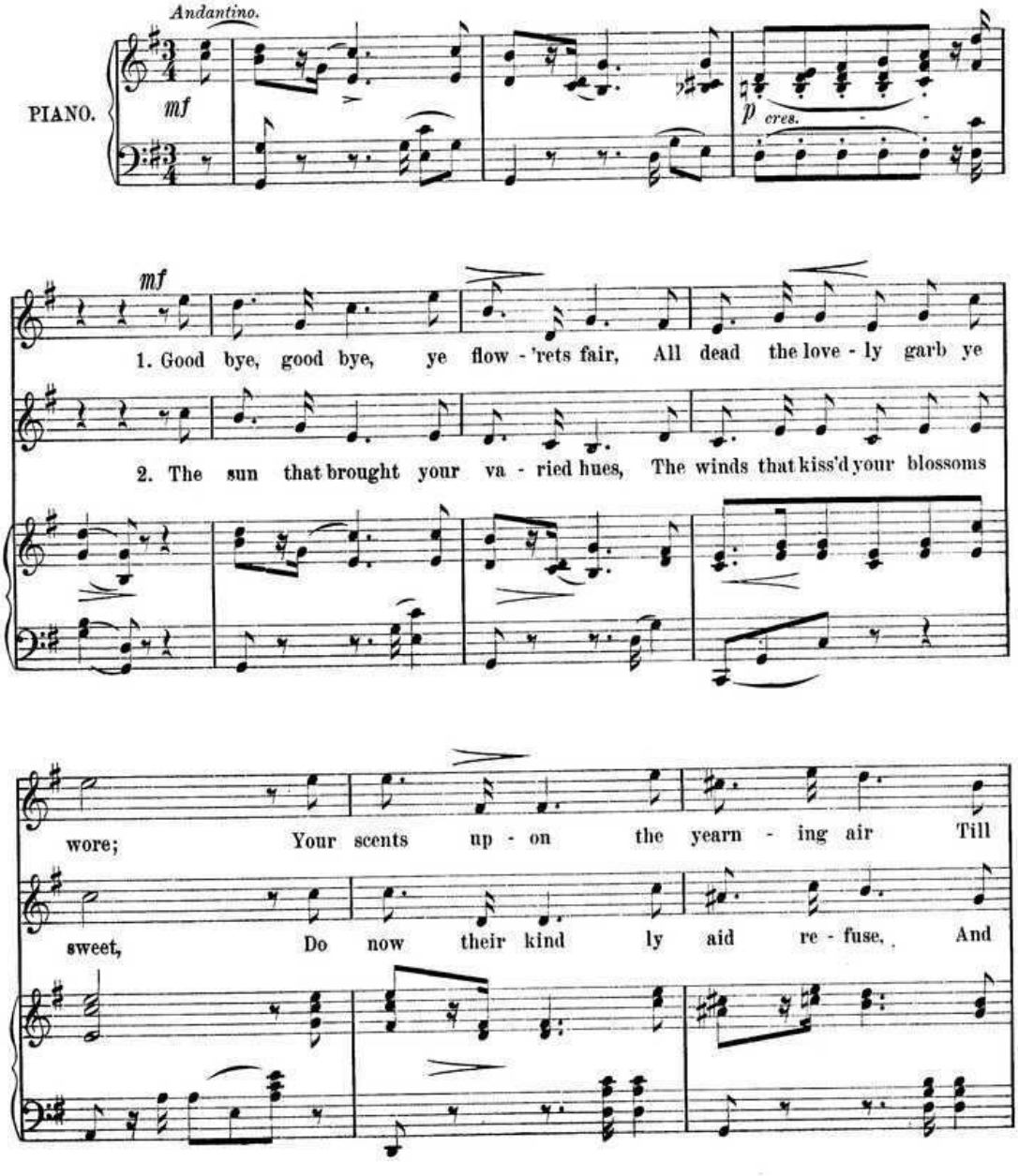
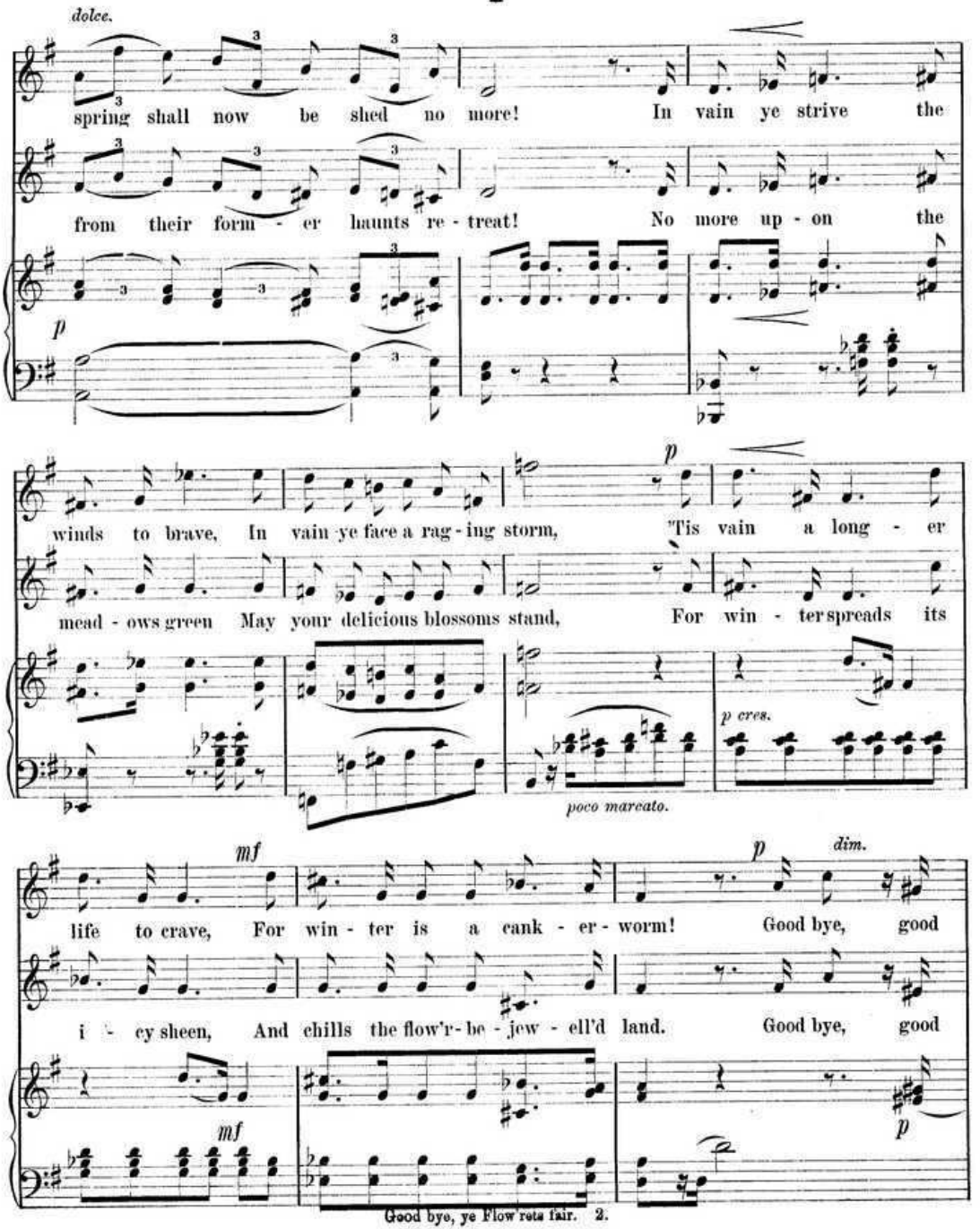
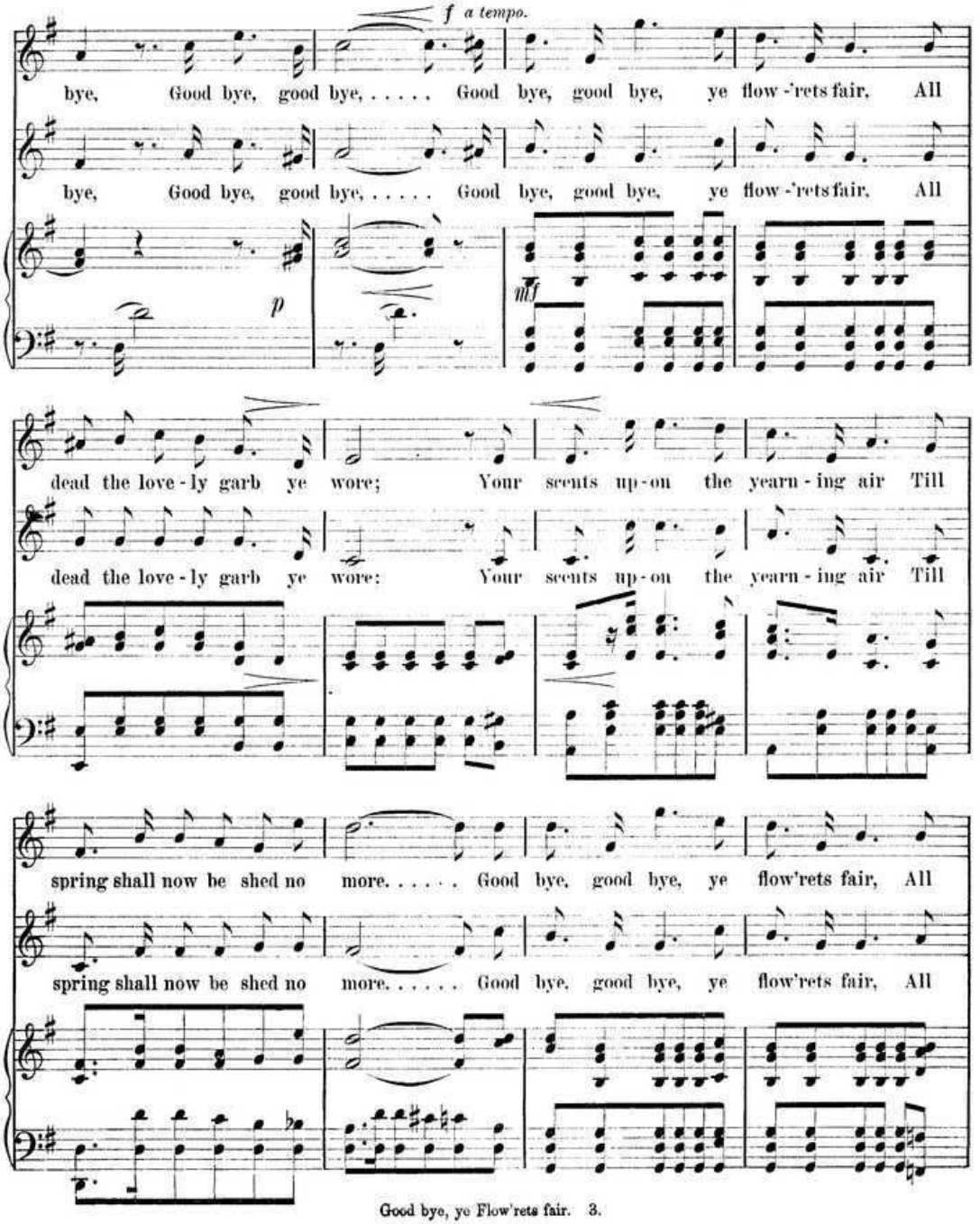
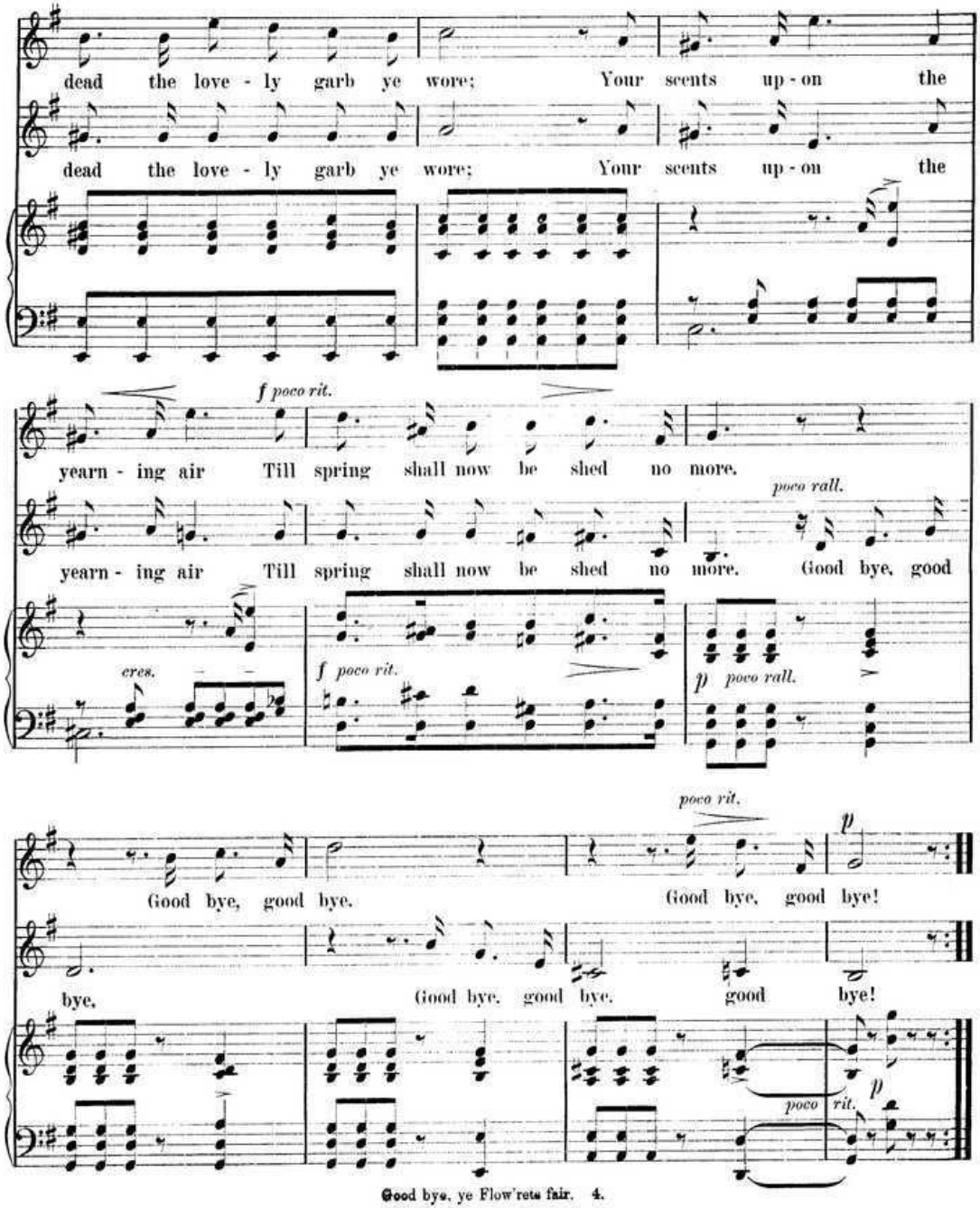
When_the_Swallows_Homeward_Fly
Good bye, ye flow'rets fair.

The Weekly
SUPPLEMENT TO
INTER OCEAN.
GOOD BYE, YE FLOW'RETS FAIR.
Words by
EDWARD OXENFORD.
DUET
Music by
FRANZ ABT.
Wednesday, January 21, 1885.
No.
164.

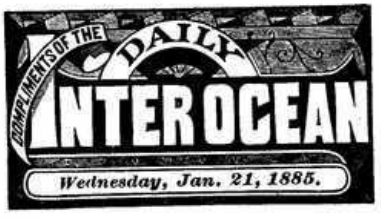
GOOD BYE, YE FLOW'RETS FAIR.

DUET.

Words by EDWARD OXENFORD.

Music by FRANZ ABT.

Andantino.
PIANO.
mf
p cres.
mf
1. Good bye, good bye, ye flow - 'rets fair, All dead the love - ly garb ye
2. The sun that brought your va - ried hues, The winds that kiss'd your blossoms
wore; Your scents up - on the yearn - ing air Till
sweet, Do now their kind ly aid re - fuse, And

dolce.
spring shall now be shed no more! In vain ye strive the
from their form - er haunts re - treat! No more up - on the
p
winds to brave, In vain ye face a rag - ing storm, 'Tis vain a long - er
mead - ows green May your delicious blossoms stand, For win - ter spreads its
p cres.
poco marcato.
mf
life to crave, For win - ter is a cank - er - worm! Good bye, good
p
dim.
i - cy sheen, And chills the flow'r - be - jew - ell'd land. Good bye, good
mf
p

f a tempo.
bye, Good bye, good bye, ... Good bye, good bye, ye flow-'rets fair, All
bye, Good bye, good bye, ... Good bye, good bye, ye flow-'rets fair, All
p
mf
dead the love-ly garb ye wore; Your scents up-on the yearn-ing air Till
dead the love-ly garb ye wore: Your scents up-on the yearn-ing air Till
spring shall now be shed no more. . . . . Good bye, good bye, ye flow'rets fair, All
spring shall now be shed no more. . . . . Good bye, good bye, ye flow'rets fair, All

dead the love - ly garb ye wore; Your scents up - on the
dead the love - ly garb ye wore; Your scents up - on the
f poco rit.
yearn - ing air Till spring shall now be shed no more.
poco rall.
yearn - ing air Till spring shall now be shed no more. Good bye, good
cres.
f poco rit.
p poco rall.
poco rit.
p
Good bye, good bye.
Good bye, good bye!
bye.
Good bye. good bye. good bye!
poco rit.
p

Good bye, ye Flow'rets fair. 4.



Lilly
mi
D48
box 184
no 4152

GEMS OF GERMAN SONG

With English Words.

LAST GREETING	Schubert 2	I BLESS THEE NIGHT AND DAY LOVE	Abt 3
WHEN THE SWALLOWS HOMEWARD FLY	Abt 3	THE SWITZER'S FAREWELL	Mengis 3½
WE MET BY CHANCE	Kucken 3½	THOU ART SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR	Reichardt 4
LA SÉRÉNADE	Schubert 3½	I KNOW NOT WHY (or LORE LEY)	Silcher 3
AVE MARIA	Schubert 4	THE TEAR	Gumbert 3
GOOD NIGHT FAREWELL	Kucken 3	THE LONG WEARY DAY	3½
HOW CAN I LEAVE THEE	3	THE SWITZER'S SONG OF HOME	J.Moscheles 2
IN THE EYE THERE LIES THE HEART	Abt 3	THE BRIGHTEST EYES	Stigelli 3

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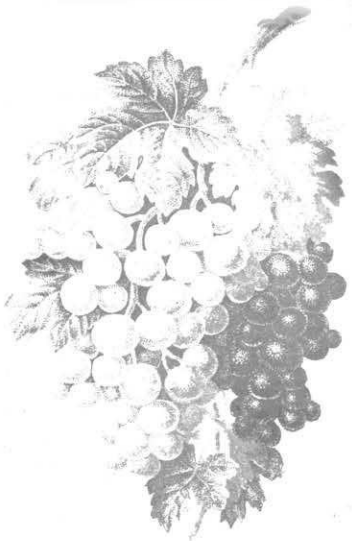
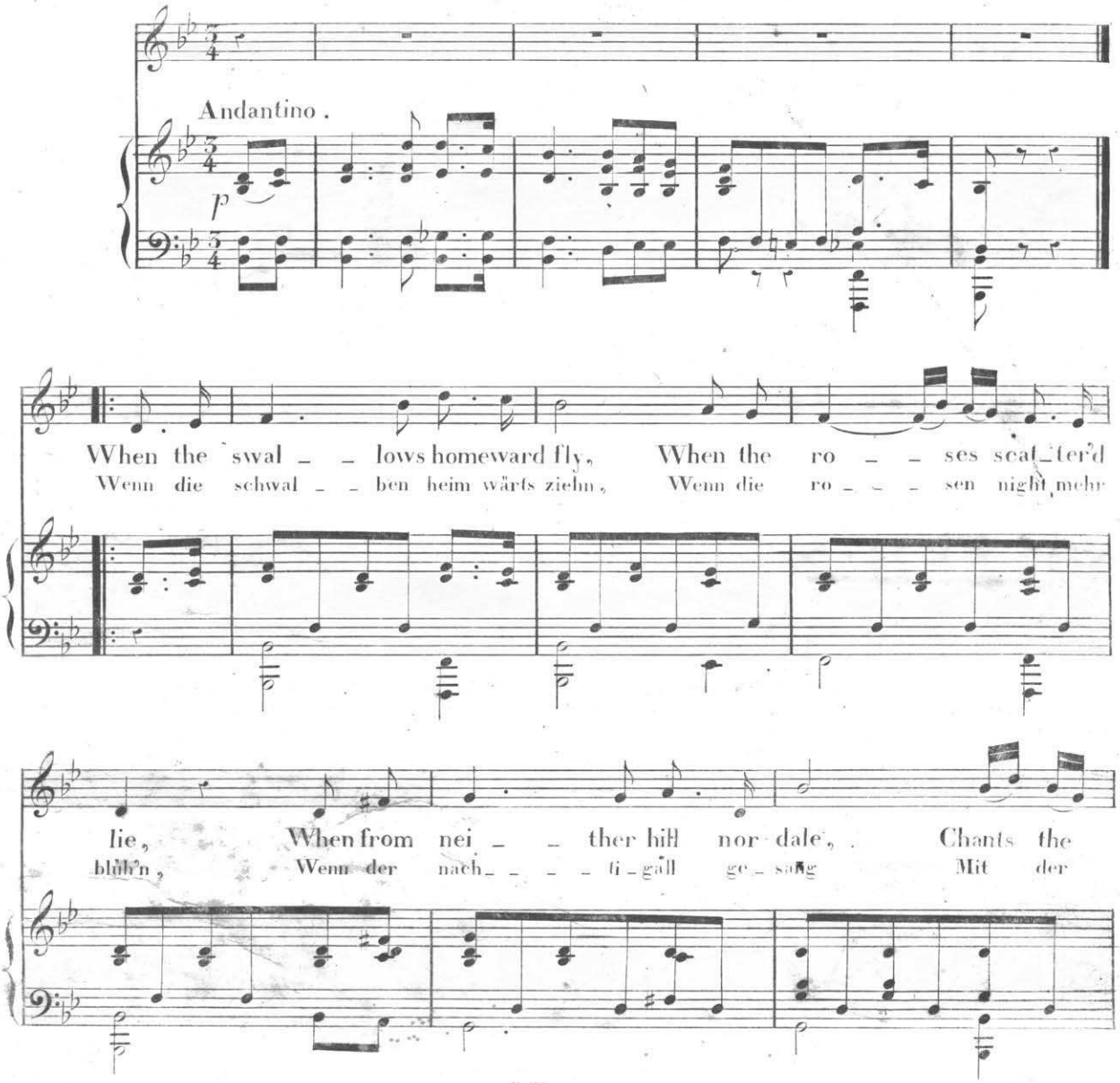
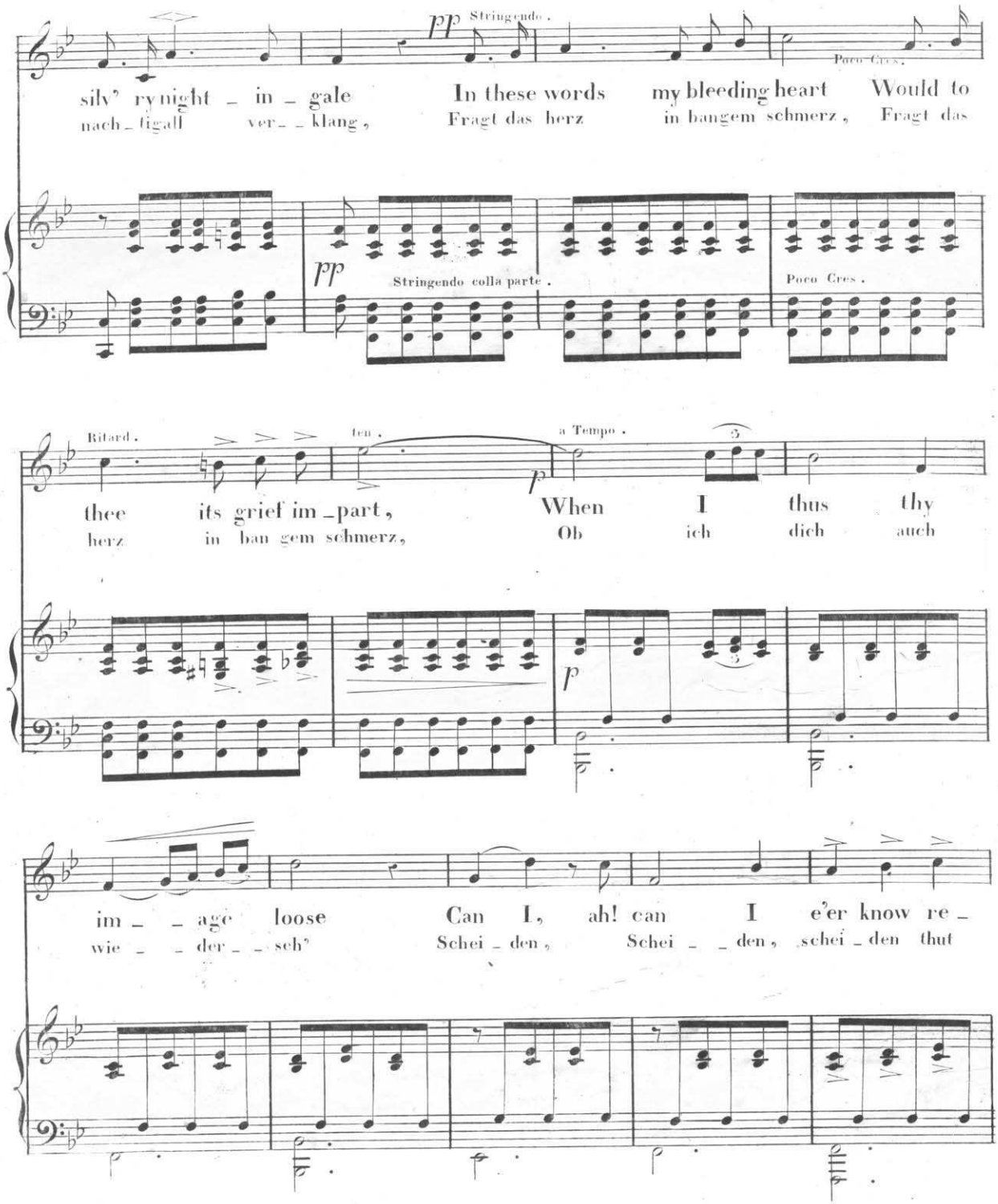
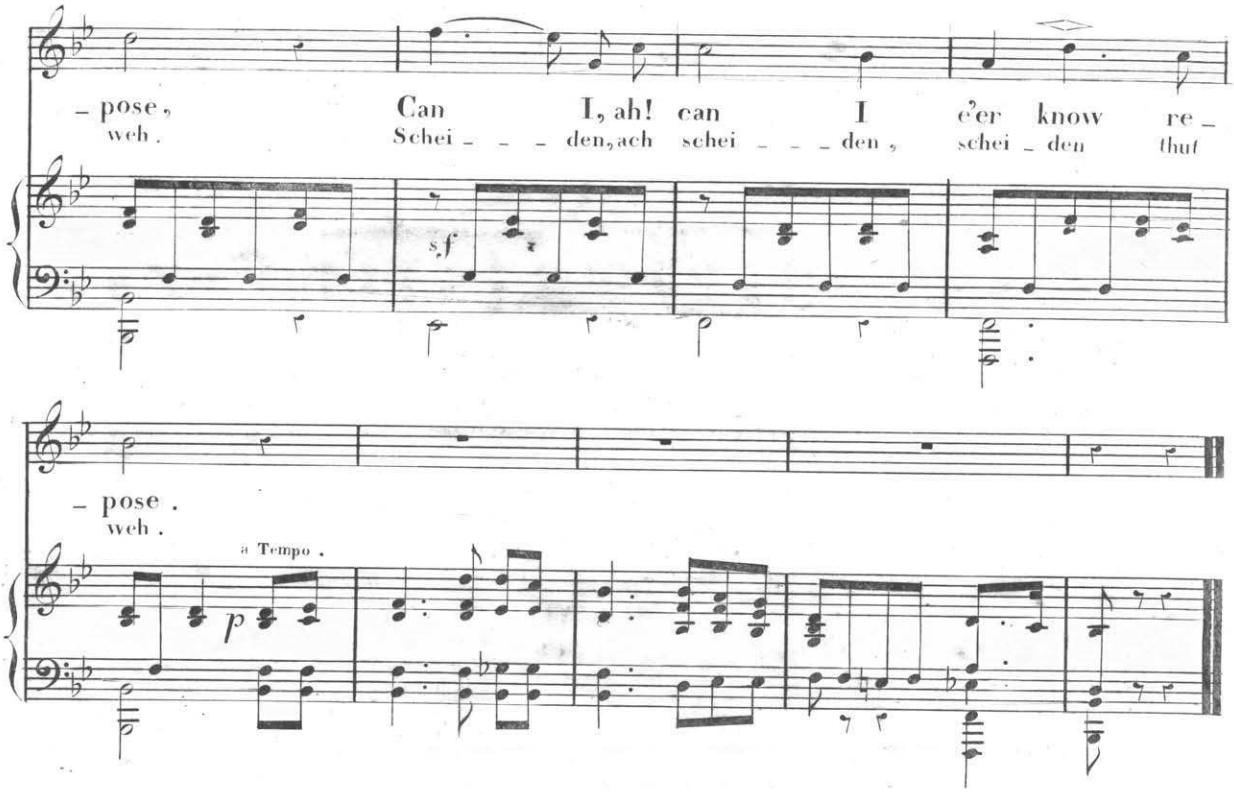


Lillie Lagerstam

WHEN THE SWALLOWS HOMEWARD FLY.

(WENN DIE SCHWALBEN HEIMWÄRTS ZIEH'N)

FRANZ ABT.

Andantino.
p
When the swal _ _ lows homeward fly, When the ro _ _ ses scat_ter'd lie,
Wenn die schwal _ _ ben heim wärts ziehn, Wenn die ro _ _ _ sen nicht mehr blüh'n,
When from nei _ _ ther hill nor dale, Chants the
Wenn der nach _ _ _ ti_gall ge_sang Mit der

pp Stringendo.
silv' ry night - in - gale
nach - figall ver - - klang,
In these words my bleeding heart Would to
Fragt das herz in bangem schmerz, Fragt das
Poco Cres.
pp Stringendo colla parte.
Poco Cres.
Ritard.
ten.
a Tempo.
thee its grief im - part,
herz in ban gem schmerz,
When I thus thy
Ob ich dich auch
p
im - - age loose
wie - - der - - sch'
Can I, ah! can I e'er know re -
Schei - den, Schei - - den, schei - den thut

2

When the white swan southward roves
To seek at noon the orange groves,
When the red tints of the west
Prove the sun is gone to rest,
In these words my bleeding heart
Would to thee its grief impart;
When I thus thy image lose,
Can I, ah! can I e'er know repose.

3

Hush my heart! why thus complain,
Thou must too thy woes contain;
Though on heart nomore we rove
Loudly breathing vows of love,
Thou my heart must find relief
Yielding to these words belief;
I shall see thy form again
Though to day we part in pain.

2

Wenn die shwäne sudlich zieh'n
Dorthin, wo citronen blüh'n
Wenn das abendroth versinkt,
Durch die grünen wälder blinkt,
Fragt das herz in bangem schmerz
Fragt das herz in bangem schmerz
Ob ich dich auch wiederseh'.
(Bis) Scheiden ach scheiden, scheiden thut weh:

3

Armes herz was klagest du,
O auch du geh'st einst zur Ruh',
Was auf erden muss vergeh'n
Giebt es wohl ein wiederseh'n,
Fragt das herz in bangem schmerz
Fragt das herz in bangem schmerz
Glaub' dass ich dich wiederseh',
Thut auch heut' das scheiden so weh!

Wehrmann Engr. Pr. N.O.